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THE

Commonweal

Spain Today

by Robert H. Boyle

Trouble Comes to Memphis

by William H. Slavick

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 383

Spain Today
by Robert H. Boyle 387

Catholics and Politics
by Daniel F. Cleary 390

Trouble Comes to Memphis
by William H. Slavick 392

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 394

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 395

Communications 396

Books 397

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

McCARTHY, MATTHEWS, AND THE PROTESTANT CLERGY

SENATOR McCarthy may have made his first serious political blunder in the case of J. B. Matthews and his headline-making article on the Protestant clergy. If this is so, it will be an odd piece of poetic justice.

McCarthy long ago demonstrated that he is something of a political genius. In a relatively short time, he has won for himself a position of national power from which he can challenge the Eisenhower leadership and endanger the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs. He has managed this, not by logic, but by his usually unerring instinct for the politically popular.

No man on the current political scene can obscure an issue quite as quickly or as effectively as Senator McCarthy can, and he has an almost unmatched talent for the logically ridiculous, but politically invaluable, *non-sequitur*. On this structure he has built his whole political career.

All this makes McCarthy's political *faux pas* on the Matthews' incident the more striking. Most of the commentators on this issue have treated the controversial article which appeared in the *American Mercury* as an all-out attack on the Protestant clergy. To do this, they have had to ignore the qualifications and ambiguities with which Mr. Matthews cloaked his article.

If the article is stripped of its sensational approach and considered in the light of the few facts Mr. Matthews actually has, it is not nearly as sweeping as public comments would lead one to believe. The author makes a point of stating that the vast majority of Protestant clergymen are loyal to both church and country. But he does say that in the last seventeen years "the Communist Party has enlisted the support of at least seven thousand Protestant clergymen in [these] categories—party members, fellow-travelers, espionage agents, party-line adherents and unwitting dupes."

Obviously, Mr. Matthews is far from being an ideal witness. The difference between an espionage agent and what he calls an unwitting dupe is considerable; to say that there are seven thousand people who are either one or the other is an almost completely meaningless statement. This is particularly true because Mr. Matthews apparently belongs to the school of thought which classifies all people who disagree with him as "unwitting dupes."

There are in this country approximately two hundred and fifty thousand Protestant ministers. Every one knows that there is a small minority among them who follow the Communist Party line. Mr. Matthews, who studied for the ministry and himself followed the Party line for years, is making no revelation when he points that fact out.

In their book, *Report on the American Communist,* Morris L. Ernst and David Loth estimate that in the last thirty years seven hundred thousand Americans have left the Communist Party. That figure covers Party members, not "dupes." If Mr. Matthews' seven thousand includes a very high percentage of Protestant ministers who innocently joined organizations whose stated purposes were good ones but which were secretly controlled by Communists—as we suspect they do—his figures might in the end be taken to indicate that there was surprisingly little Communist infiltration of the Protestant clergy. This is especially true when one remembers that Protestant ministers, unlike Catholic priests, take a very active part in civic and social movements and organizations.

BUT if, by strict logic, the Matthews article was not quite the sweeping attack on the Protestant clergy which some took it to be, this is neither an era nor an area in which strict logic prevails. The circumstances of the case and the climate of the times have to be taken into account. Like a possibly innocent joke told in Southern Negro dialect during a period of intense racial feeling, or a Yiddish dialect story repeated while Hitler's gas ovens were operating full-blast, Mr. Matthews' article appeared at the wrong time, written in the wrong way, and published in the wrong place.

What is amazing is that Senator McCarthy, the

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old hand at politics and the master of the non-rational reaction, did not catch on to this fact sooner. Eventually he abandoned Matthews, but he started out defending him, pointing out the qualifying statements and the general endorsement of the loyalty of most ministers. Evidently he did not realize until it was too late that he had ventured into the highly explosive area of religious loyalties where no amount of logical explanation could take away the impression that a wholesale attack on the Protestant clergy had been made.

In this instance, his Senate colleagues were much quicker than McCarthy in detecting the politically suicidal position into which he had stumbled, and they fled him as from a man with the plague. Now representatives of the conservative Southern Senators, hitherto silent on McCarthy, have denounced him, and for the first time his political position in the Senate is seriously threatened.

If there is a sort of fitting irony in the fact that the man who has always made political capital out of the non-rational is finally caught in a trap of his own style, we still consider it most regrettable that a spirit of sectarianism has been allowed to dominate so many discussions of this issue. One newspaper, for example, said: "McCarthy, in his mad search for glory, seeks to destroy the Protestant Church, the majority church in this country. As a Catholic, it is his right to disagree with Protestant dogma, but he abuses his position by attempting to discredit Protestantism with wild smear attacks on the loyalty of its leaders." In the end, the newspaper editorially calls upon "the Catholic Church, as the church of the Senator, to denounce McCarthy and McCarthyism."

Even aside from the factual point that Mr. Matthews did write the article in question and that he is not a Catholic, we hate to see such an approach to the problem. As far as Senator McCarthy is concerned, he can hardly be considered a purely Catholic phenomenon. Catholics are, after all, a definite minority in Wisconsin, the state which sent him to the Senate and has since re-elected him. Support for McCarthy cuts across religious lines, as does opposition to him. It would be a tragic thing to make a sectarian issue out of something that should stay political.

As far as specific, official condemnation of Senator McCarthy by Church leaders is concerned, we doubt that the editorial writer quoted above quite realized what he was asking for. Issuing clear-cut statements of moral principles for the guidance of citizens is one thing; condemning individual political figures by name is something else again. This magazine's record of opposition to McCarthy and McCarthyism is long and consistent, but we are not ready to give up the tradition of non-intervention into politics by Church leaders just for the sake of another stick with which to beat McCarthy. We doubt that very many other Americans are either.

Above all, the discussion of Matthews, McCarthy and Company should not be allowed to degenerate into a Protestant-Catholic argument. Thoughtless comment on this issue could do serious damage to Catholic-Protestant relations in this country. If that happens, the harm to the nation could be greater than any damage a Communist agent might inflict.

WELCOME

THE *Democratic Digest* is now on the newsstands. Its sale will be watched by both parties for some indication of which way political winds may be blowing. Independents will watch it to see if a publication as frankly partisan as this can still contribute honestly and intelligently to the discussion of national issues.

No one will expect this magazine to be in any sense detached. No one will expect it to maintain a high objectivity toward the party in power. But many will hope that, following the example of the leader of the Democratic party, it will manage, even in partisan debate, to talk sense, to avoid the irresponsible advantage and to abjure the morally ambiguous victory. If it can do these things, it can fulfill a real need in our political life.

THE FALL OF BERIA

THE Lord High Executioner dies of his own axe. The chief of the secret police and of the internal security machinery of the Soviet Union is arrested by the secret police in the interests of internal security. Lavrenti Beria follows ex-secret police chiefs Felix Dzerzhinsky, Henry Yagoda and Nikolai Yezhov into the dark chambers of the Soviet purge.

In terms of policy, the effect of Beria's fall is obscure. *Pravda* accuses him of "a capitulatory policy which would have brought about ultimately the restoration of capitalism." This would make it seem that he was responsible for the peace offensive and the recent conciliatory moves of the Soviet Union. Yet the most significant of the recent changes, the liberalized policy in Hungary, apparently post-dates the arrest of Beria; and newspaper dispatches from Moscow, which usually reflect what the Kremlin wants believed in the West, say that the liberalized policy will continue.

The point on which speculation has some meaning is in assessing the effect of these purges upon

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the Soviet Empire. The Soviets are both divided and uneasy. A ruthless power struggle among the principals in the Kremlin casts a shadow down the whole hierarchy of officials, and when the satellites are showing the greatest measure of independence and unrest since the war, the total is encouraging news for the Free World.

The State Department and our allied leaders have a great responsibility upon them at this moment. They alone have the information on which to construct a prudent, shrewd policy which will exploit the events of these weeks. It would seem best to keep public guess-work at a minimum, and to rely on the courage and intelligence of the responsible men in Washington and London.

KOREA

THE war in Korea dies in squabbles and stubbornness while by night the soldiers button themselves into armored jackets, tape down the rattling swivels of their carbines, and set out into the frozen sea of night to patrol the hollows, to ambush the Chinese, to assert our control of the trails and dead paddys which sprawl in the valleys below the entrenched outpost line. A few die each night. And in the recent weeks, the deaths have multiplied as the Chinese threw themselves against the hills held by ROKs commanding the invasion routes.

Syngman Rhee now is reported to have given in to our truce demands. He still maintains that a truce is equal to a surrender, but his attempt to force the Americans to his point of view has failed, and Mr. Robertson's patient arguments have apparently won an agreement which will make signing an armistice at least possible.

As always, we try to rationalize our actions and pretend that compromise is a victory. We have not won the war in Korea. However, the Communists have lost. They have seen the whole North Korean army demolished, and a large number of Chinese troops lost. They hold no more territory than they did in 1950, and the opposition to them in Asia is immeasurably stronger, both in military and intellectual terms. That much is our gain. But we have failed to do what we had hoped to do. We have not won a war or dictated a peace. We have fought a war to the point of diminishing returns and now deem it prudent to negotiate a settlement. The wisdom of this is arguable. Rhee may be quite right when he calls it a delusion. The American government has decided that it is not a delusion, but an unhappy compromise which will get us out of this "wrong war," salvaging as much advantage as we can hope to gain without disastrous involvement in China proper, while at the same time preserving the integrity of South Korea, and its UN-guaranteed independence. This magazine feels that the Administration's decision is correct.

The last few weeks have brought a discouraging amount of recrimination and a shockingly widespread application of double standards. The anti-colonial Indians wanted us to pressure or depose Rhee as though he were a colonial prince. The British even spoke as if they might send more troops to intimidate South Korea than they did to fight the North Koreans. The Asia-First Senators talk now of excluding "non-fighting" UN nations from negotiations as if those nations sent nothing and did nothing for the war. They attack India on this point, conveniently overlooking the fact that India has had medical troops in Korea from early in the war—paratrooper medics who made combat jumps with U.S. airborne troops and faced bullets just as fatal as those shot at U.S. and British infantrymen.

If our agreement with Rhee leads to the signing of an armistice, our problems will only begin. But they will be arguments, not fire-fights. The Chinese are certainly not going to hand North Korea over to the UN. They will probably propose a coalition government as a price for unity, and that would be unacceptable to anyone who has seen Communist coalitions, and certainly would be unacceptable to the South Korean government. The possibility that the Chinese would grant free elections is remote, and even if they were granted, the chances of stable government emerging are nil.

A more acceptable settlement in Korea might be had in trade for concessions elsewhere in a general Far Eastern settlement, but that too is a faint possibility, if an interesting one.

The best hope would seem to be a negotiated withdrawal of foreign troops from Korea, a U.S. guarantee for South Korea (already given, but subject to Congressional interpretation and approval) and a restoration of the unhappy partition of Korea. And our goal then, as in Germany today, will be an eventual negotiated unification.

In Europe, we see containment beginning to pay off. The same logic deserves to be more forcibly applied in the Far East. And with Indochina a snarled threat to South Asia, and Communist troops slipping into North Burma to "protect" the Burmese from the Chinese Nationalists who are now practicing banditry there (while their government claims to be unable to get them out), our arms, imagination and attention are needed elsewhere than in Korea. Let us keep the Chinese within their present borders, hit them hard when they expand, and wait. The events in Berlin and Moscow may yet have their effect in Asia.

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"BOTTOM OF THE BARREL"

THE managing editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet* recently directed his readers' attention to an editorial in the *Florida Catholic*. This editorial castigates two Catholic universities for having invited as their 1953 commencement speakers men who, in the opinion of the *Tablet* editor, "belittled the very program for which every Catholic university stands and should uphold."

The schools criticized are the Catholic University of America and John Carroll University. The commencement speakers in question were Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the *New York Times* and Jerome Kerwin of the University of Chicago. The reason for the concern is that both Mr. Sulzberger and Professor Kerwin cautioned the graduates against certain types of "anti-Communism" and urged a measure of charity in dealing with those who were taken in by the Communists prior to 1948.

The *Florida Catholic*, like the *Brooklyn Tablet*, is outraged: "Mindful of our Blessed Lord's warning that false Christs and false prophets might deceive 'even the elect,'" it is "led to wonder whether the occurrences [of the two speakers] were entirely accidental or whether even Catholic educators are being duped by innocent seeming 'liberals' who seek to infiltrate and plant doubts and uncertainties in the minds of our youth."

"Presumably," the editorial continues, "the officials of Catholic University . . . and John Carroll . . . knew the backgrounds of the men they invited to speak. . . . Presumably also, they knew what subjects these men had chosen and the manner in which they intended to treat their subjects. Any other assumption would be tantamount to a charge of recklessness. That is why we are amazed. . . ."

The paper asks: "Are our Catholic ranks so depleted, are we so near to scraping the bottom of the barrel, that we must inflict outsiders of questionable fame on our students, to infect them with the idea that worldly 'prudence' demands compromise of the eternal truths we have so laboriously taught them? Do we need the 'prestige' which men with such ideas might questionably be conceived to bring us?"

The *Florida Catholic* thinks not. It believes, rather, "that the average small parish Holy Name Society meeting would bring together five men better fitted to address our graduates. . . . The much abused name of 'academic freedom,'" it concludes, "should not be invoked to give controversial orators a platform from which to oppose, undermine or discount the religious and moral truths to which our schools are dedicated."

Thus speaks the *Florida Catholic*, in terms warmly indorsed by the *Brooklyn Tablet*. We had thought that nothing we read in the Brooklyn paper could really shock us any more. We were wrong.

This shock is manifold. The things which have come to be known as "McCarthyism" (whether rightly or wrongly is not the question here) are ugly enough when seen in ordinary public life. Their ugliness is compounded when they are advanced in the religious press, even though, as in the present case, in only a small and perhaps insignificant segment of it. Character assassination, the vicious personal innuendo, the stock religious or patriotic response evoked to confuse an issue—these are things which must be denounced and repaired, wherever they appear.

Who are these "innocent seeming 'liberals'" who have sought to "infiltrate" Catholic education? What are the "backgrounds" about which the two Catholic universities "presumably knew?"

Mr. Sulzberger is the publisher of probably the most responsible and respected newspaper in the United States; Mr. Kerwin is a professor at one of the country's great universities. Mr. Sulzberger, a Jew, has earned his reputation as a convinced anti-Communist, a completely honest and objective journalist; Professor Kerwin, a Catholic, has earned his as one of the outstanding Christian scholars in America. His whole career has been devoted to the service of education and the Church.

The "religious and moral truths" which these "outsiders" are supposed to have attempted to "whittle down" in their "pitiful way" are, it seems, the "dogma" of Senator McCarthy's infallibility. It is this, apparently, to which Catholic schools, in the opinion of these papers, should be "dedicated."

What can one say of this? That it is a novel and dangerous "dogma," rooted in bigotry and lacking in charity is clear enough. But what is perhaps most shocking is the very attempt to elevate a particular brand of "anti-Communism" into some matter of faith and morals and to excommunicate anyone who questions it.

Although this magazine disapproves of Senator McCarthy, it does not dispute the orthodoxy of others among the Catholic press who support him. But the others do not always seem willing to allow the same freedom. They would make their view the *Catholic* view and denounce, with no waste of charity, whoever challenges it.

This is a subtle and terrifying thing, and it is fraught with great dangers. Mr. Sulzberger and Professor Kerwin cannot be harmed by the kind of attack made on them in the *Florida Catholic*. We are not worried for them; we are worried for their defamers. From them comes the scandal.

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Spain Today

"WHILE ONE MAY NOT HAVE LIBERTIES IN SPAIN, ONE MAY TAKE THEM WITH A CERTAIN ASSURANCE OF SUCCESS"

ROBERT H. BOYLE

THROUGHOUT history Spain has been the Western paradox, a *tertium quid,* not quite Europe and not quite Africa. Legend has it Miguel de Unamuno once found himself beseiged by admirers in a Madrid railway station, and anxious to impart a word of advice as well as greeting, he saluted them, "Hail Africans!" A bit stung, they replied they were Europeans, not Africans. But Unamuno quietly retorted, "Better first class Africans than second class Europeans."

In a sense there is almost as much wisdom as wit in Unamuno's sally, but the observant visitor will soon discover it for what it actually is: a half truth—like much in and about contemporary Spain. When I went to live in Barcelona last year, I carried with me the preconceptions common to most Americans reared upon a diet of undiluted Hemingway and periodic doses of the *New Republic,* but within a month experience already had begun to plane them nearer to reality. Spain is not only the land of paradox, but of surprise as well.

Perhaps the greatest revelation is the government. Unlike the various brands of totalitarianism and authoritarianism which have unleashed themselves this century, the Spanish version—Falangism—is a curiously soft one for Fascism as we have come to recognize it. And a fairly reasonable explanation exists for this strange dissimilarity. There is and always has been a strong measure of inefficiency in Spanish governments regardless of political complexion, and moreover, corruption is present, a weakness often found in self-perpetuating bureaucracies. The two have joined to make living under the regime fairly bearable, especially when one considers that the state is dedicated to authoritarian aims. Only a zealot would deny the presence of political prisoners and the usual appendages necessary for the survival of such a system, but in all frankness and surprise the inefficiency and corruption have held thorough tyranny in check.

The late George Orwell remarked upon this in *Homage to Catalonia,* possibly the most brilliant book to emerge from the wreckage of the Civil War. He describes how the police entered and searched his wife's hotel room for almost two hours in an effort to find incriminating documents. They examined the furnishings and the room itself with minute exactness, and they even ripped open several packets of cigarette papers to discover secret messages. They found nothing of value to them and left. All the while Mrs. Orwell had been lying in bed watching. Yet they had made no move to examine the bed; they never even looked beneath it. As Orwell says, "They were Spaniards, and to turn a woman out of bed was a little too much for them. This part of the search was silently dropped, making the whole search meaningless."

This is by no means an isolated example. An acquaintance of mine, who was involved in black market operations in Malaga at one time, once spent an evening looking for himself as an unreported parolee from a concentration camp with the very police who were searching for him. He had given them a false name to begin with, and despite an excellent prison photograph and a startlingly accurate description, the police failed to connect the two.

In still another instance, a young English friend—with a serious passport irregularity—crossed the frontier into France without difficulty by sharing his compartment with a pretty girl. The police officer, all eyes and flattery, stamped his passport without a hint of the customary scrutiny.

Despite a personal distaste for the suppression of human liberties, I must say Orwell's observation that "few Spaniards possess the damnable efficiency that a

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Mr. Boyle is a New York journalist who has recently returned from Spain.

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modern totalitarian state needs" contains a modicum of truth. While one may not have liberties in Spain, one can take them with a certain assurance of success.

CRITICISM of the regime is widespread, especially in the industrial provinces of the north, but the bulk of it confines itself to taxes, taxes few ever pay in full. Like the Frenchman, the Spaniard keeps three sets of books: one for himself, one for his wife, and one for the government.

As for revolution, it remains virtually impossible, even if the people were so inclined. The support of the army is the prerequisite to successful revolt, and the army is staunchly behind Generalissimo Franco. In addition, both the Basques and Catalans, both fierce autonomists fifteen years ago, are uninterested in separation, as Franco has imposed a hitherto unknown stability for their industrial economies. In short, there are complaints, but scarcely anyone wishes to undergo the terrors and miseries of another civil war. Without intending grim humor, one may say living in Spain is rather like attending one of those stern but inefficient schools where the pupils extract their vengeance by making faces behind the headmaster's back.

Furthermore, much of the rigidity under the Falange is eased by the the peculiarly Spanish attitude toward life—or to be more precise—the after-life. The country is profoundly Catholic, and when one recalls the inheritance of chivalric courage bequeathed by seven hundred years of Moorish cultural domination, it is not difficult to understand why so few Spaniards busy themselves with the events of the present day world. With the exception of most Catalans and the politicians, the outlook is distinctly non-secular. The very harshness of the land is an apposite symbol of the Spanish capacity for hardship, and their preoccupation with death unites the most visionary poem of San Juan de la Cruz with the most recent *pase de pecho* of any gypsy *torero*.

ALTHOUGH Spain officially restored the monarchy in 1947, there is no king. Franco, "chief of state" and *el caudillo,* has not been able to conclude an agreement with the present Bourbon claimant to the throne. Nonetheless, there appears to be much popular sentiment in favor of the monarchy, particularly one modeled upon the British constitutional pattern.

Franco has been shrewd enough to recognize this feeling, but he is wary of encouraging it. There was little comment in the controlled press upon Elizabeth's coronation preparations, and lack of space in the newspapers often is in inverse proportion to the government's displeasure.

Essentially, the government consists of Franco, his cabinet, and the *Cortes Espanolas,* a legislative body whose members are (s)elected from the various scientific, labor, and educational organizations. While all goes smoothly within the *Cortes,* some questions have been raised over the extent of Franco's power. A personally valiant soldier, his interest in the politics of the Falange *per se* is not as deep as that of a couple of his colleagues, Minister of Labor Jose Girón especially. Girón—senior cabinet member by point of service—was strong enough last fall to "force" Franco to address an encampment of Falangist war veterans, a step which Franco was reluctant to take for fear of injuring national unity.

In domestic matters the Falange has employed a paternalistic hand. The usual agencies exist for social development on the Fascist scale. There is a familiar family allowance law by which bonuses are paid for each additional child until the age of fourteen, and to insure the growth of the twenty-eight million population, the government also grants easy loans to young couples without means.

The workers receive special consideration. They are grouped into syndicates under the Ministry of Labor, and they are subject to Madrid for directives regarding output, wages, and prices. The factory owners, too, are members of the syndicates by law, and they are held liable to the same restrictions.

This paternalism has severe limitations. Following Falangist concepts, it hinders free enterprise, and even if the semi-Gogolian character of the regime frequently allows a measure of freedom by its ineptness, it still manages to bury free enterprise under a welter of reports, forms, and regulations. Nothing can be accomplished by industry without waiting for an absurd length of time or "fixing" someone in Madrid. Much to the delight of the bureaucrats, the latter alternative is preferred. There are any number of enterprising civil servants in Madrid waxing fat on graft. A manufacturer in need of a license must turn to them or risk losing trade.

To an American, prices appear low, but for a Spaniard it is otherwise. A proposed half-cent increase in the tram fares helped to set off the general strike in Barcelona a few years ago, and the strike didn't end until Madrid sent troops and changed the mayor. A day laborer is fortunate to earn from ten to fifteen dollars per month, and it is a lucky family-man who earns fifty dollars a month as, say, an office manager of a large firm.

IN foreign policy, Spain pursues three aims. First of all, promotion of an alliance of sorts with the United States in which she would rate with NATO in the order of priority for receiving materials; secondly, friendship with the Arab world to the point where

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Spain would be regarded as their Christian spokesman; and, thirdly, maintenance of traditional ties with Latin America and the Philippines.

In the present Hispano-American negotiations in Madrid, much depends upon not what Franco and his lieutenants think, but how they have been conditioned by the Spanish policy of neutralism. Neutralism—despite strong temptation—saved Spain in World War II, and advocates of the policy—especially Falangists—have gained additional argument by Spain's present self-sufficiency in the economic world, albeit on a bare subsistence level. Franco has given the United States to understand the price of bases is modernization of the armed forces, and Washington understandably faces a problem of the first rank.

For instance, Madrid would have one believe there are four hundred to six hundred thousand officers and men in uniform constantly as a result of the two year conscription program, but the true figure probably is in the area of two hundred and fifty thousand. Disquieting but persistent rumors of colonels living off the allowances of purely paper regiments abound, and wealthy conscriptees are permitted to remain at home if they pay the right official.

The men actually in uniform are a rather tough if grimy lot. Three out of ten are unable to read or write. One sees them everywhere, shuffling aimlessly about the streets, buried deeply in their shabby great-coats, nursing what pittance they have left of their penny-a-day pay. From all accounts, though, they are excellent men in the field, and the discipline is very good.

Aside from the high rate of illiteracy in the army, lack of equipment is the biggest defect. All rifles are bolt action, and half of them would undoubtedly kill the user rather than the intended victim if fired in battle. Machine guns and mortars are rare, and rocket launchers and recoilless weapons are non-existent. Artillery is poor, and armor is restricted to creaking German models, the majority vintage 1936.

AN APPEAL

Mother M. Elisabeth of the Ursuline Convent, Samtoli, P.O. Simdega, Ranchi Dt., Bihar, India, writes about the effects of the famine in Bihar. ". . . No rice means no food for our poor children and no help for the starving people. The number of beggars is daily increasing. Please have pity on us and the poor and help us feed the hungry. . . . I humbly beg for your kind help." Money orders, checks, used clothing, food, books, religious articles and church linens would all be helpful to the convent. Boxes should be marked "Of no commercial value, for charitable distribution," and should be declared at their minimum value for the customs.

The air force is in a worse state. While training is good and morale is high, the planes are few and ancient. There are no jets, and only a handful of pilots could fly them if they had them.

The firepower of the navy is concentrated in six light and heavy cruisers laid down between 1920 and 1931. The best of these, the *Canarias,* is ten thousand tons and is armed with only eight 8-inch guns and eight 4.7 mm. anti-aircraft guns. Submarines total six, obsolete by our standards. The main naval bases, Cadiz on the Atlantic and Cartagena on the Mediterranean, are unfit for handling modern capital ships. In Barcelona, the leading port, carriers of the *Midway* class must anchor four miles from the harbor to avoid running aground.

THE semi-desperate military situation is not helped by the condition of the highways and railroads. There is not one highway in Spain on which two tank retrievers can pass one another without stopping. Most of the roads are pocked with holes and ruts, a sorrowful state which prompted an acquaintance to remark all the holes should be connected to speed traffic.

The railways offer a study in decay. The engines are coal and wood burners that remind one of the opening of the Union Pacific. I believe the Barcelona-Blanes line still uses the first engine which saw service about eighty years ago.

The rolling stock is equally ancient and of wooden construction. The gauge is wider than the European standard as the roadbeds are weak, and a train rarely travels at more than thirty miles an hour. It is not unreasonable to suggest that if two trains collided head on, they would stop in their tracks without loss of life. The Barcelona to Madrid train, one of the best in Spain, takes eighteen hours to travel six hundred and eighty-two kilometers from the former to the latter. Nevertheless it takes only fifteen hours to return by the same route—it's downhill.

In spite of these admittedly severe handicaps, an American in Spain is impressed not only by the honest friendliness which greets him in the most remote corners, but also by the unyielding courage and sacrifice of a people who have been neglected by the major powers since the end of an insanely cruel civil war. Considering the evils of both the later Republican government and the contemporary regime, one is led to conclude the Spaniards are simply a people betrayed by their own naive hopes. Aside from the Falange, they are almost childishly eager to gain the friend whom they so sadly lack. It would be unfortunate—and yet ironically understandable—if we were to lose this opportunity to win that friendship and to strengthen the West.

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Catholics and Politics

AS VOTERS, CATHOLICS AND NON-CATHOLICS ALIKE TEND TO TAKE ON THE POLITICAL COLORATION OF THEIR ECONOMIC CLASS.

DANIEL F. CLEARY

CATHOLICS are in politics as they are in all phases of American life. But Catholics are not engaged in politics as Catholics. Politically speaking, to be a Catholic in the United States usually means merely to be an American who happens to be a Catholic. This is as it should be. As voters, however, American Catholics have had a considerable impact on their nation's political life.

Catholics should vote as their conscience dictates, with the needs of the times and the common good kept in mind. They do not always do so. Neither do the rest of Americans. Conscientious voting presumes a study of the issues and an intelligent appraisal of the candidates in a campaign. Since it is not easy to understand our foreign and domestic problems, that takes more effort than many voters are willing to make.

Properly distributed, less than three million votes, no matter whose, would have been enough to elect Adlai E. Stevenson in 1952 or Thomas E. Dewey in 1948. Some three million Catholic voters, out of the total Catholic vote, heavily concentrated where the electoral votes are also concentrated, had a lot to do with putting General Eisenhower in the White House. They had just as much to do (maybe more) with putting Harry S. Truman back in office in 1948. This observer believes they made the switch for the same reasons that their non-Catholic compatriots made it. Leaving aside the objective question as to whether the change was actually for the nation's benefit or not, I think the switch was made because those voters felt that their own individual economic interest would benefit and because of an emotional response to largely irrelevant appeals to their prejudices.

UNTIL recently, Catholics could be counted on to vote consistently in the same way from city to city, year in and year out. During the last hundred years American Catholics have tended to be concentrated in the big cities—chiefly in the industrial East and Middle West. It was during this period that they established themselves as the predominant element in the local Democratic political organizations (which made a strong bid for the immigrant vote) as well as in labor unions. Because of ethnic origins Catholics were found largely in the lower and lower-middle economic groups.

Before 1932 these Catholics looked to the local Democratic political organizations for jobs, Christmas baskets and relief in the big cities. And as the Catholic population grew in numbers and political influence, Catholics began to take over control of local party machinery in many urban areas. Because of their numbers in organizable occupations they were also rising in prominence in the American labor movement.

But with the advent of the New Deal social program these workers and their families tended more and more to look to Washington rather than to the local party chieftain for aid. And a reasonable expectation of future favors, which is the basis for gratitude in political life, kept a large body of Catholics solidly behind the Democrats on the national level between 1932 and 1944.

Moreover, Franklin D. Roosevelt proved to be so superb a vote-getter—he was clearly the best precinct captain in every city organization—that the local chiefs permitted their organizations to go to seed. F.D.R. got the vote out for them. Hence the local politicos got out of condition and failed to see what was happening to their once-effective machines.

Meanwhile the breadlines were getting rarer, and the number of Catholics who needed help from the government was growing smaller. Before 1930 the rare Catholic who moved to the suburbs, after climbing out of the lower-middle income group, frequently became first a Mason and then a Republican. For years Catholics at country clubs were even rarer than Democrats. But by 1950 it was possible to "belong" and still to be a Catholic. But hardly a Catholic and a Democrat as well.

So the children of people who had looked to the ward leader for their jobs went off to the suburbs and joined the station-wagon set, wearing their brand-new

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Republicanism as a badge of respectability. They were so secure now that they saw no possible need of future favors from any hard-hatted political boss.

Their problems were different, too. They were beginning to suffer the pangs of income taxes every March 15. They found themselves fretting about price controls. The sons of the men who during the depression had tried to get lined up with WPA were chafing under the price controls of OPA. If they knew the story about the man once saved from death which ends up, "Well, what have you done for me lately?," they never applied it to themselves.

By election time last year, the move to the suburbs had reached tremendous proportions. In one metropolitan area after another, the population of the peripheral districts came to exceed that of the city itself. Department stores in New York, Chicago, Washington and other cities acknowledged this phenomenon by following their customers to the suburbs. It was not altogether surprising that in these prosperous outlying areas Ike buttons were thicker than carbon monoxide.

In all, the Catholics who vote probably number only twelve millions out of the sixty millions who went to the polls last November. Some of these voted Republican in 1952 because they had changed their social status to a very large extent. It is true that a large segment of second and third generation Irish, Germans, Poles and Italians, who make up the bulk of the urban Catholic vote, stayed with the Democrats right to the end. But their children, who became old enough to vote in 1946 and thereafter, had never learned at first hand what a depression is; as a result, they did not have the same motivation, or memories, behind their votes as the people who lived through the 1921-1932 period and started voting about 1928. As voters, Catholics and non-Catholics alike tend to take on the political coloration of the economic class in which they either find themselves or to which they are currently aspiring. If the present Administration kicks the suburbanites around economically, they will, I am sure, "turn the rascals out" at the first opportunity.

IN a land where the secret ballot prevails, it is difficult to determine how Catholics voted, except in these few areas where they constitute the predominant majority of the electorate. It is considerably easier to evaluate the impact of Catholic officeholders on their nation's political life, particularly as the present emphasis on publicizing every facet of a candidate's personal life includes making his religion almost as well known as his political party.

The number of Catholics who appeared on TV screens during the Kefauver investigations was embarrassing to their co-religionists around the country. They were not labeled as Catholics, of course, when their faces or hands were televised, but the follow-up stories in the newspapers frequently found occasion to bring out the church affiliations of the reluctant witnesses and derelict public officials who squirmed under Rudolph Halley's questioning.

I do not think this pinpointing of the defection of Catholics in public office is evidence of any "Protestant plot." I believe that people expect Catholics in public office to know better, and to adhere to a stricter moral code, than colleagues who do not have the benefit of very specific religious principles to guide them. It is therefore a greater cause for scandal when a politician caught with his hand in the till turns out to be a Catholic.

The same must be said of the unscrupulous Catholic businessman, professional man, labor leader, or just plain citizen. To be a Catholic in America, as elsewhere, carries with it the responsibility to live in such a way as to bring nothing but credit on the Church. There are undoubtedly some Catholic politicians who parade their membership in the Church and make political capital out of it but whose political conduct leaves much to be desired. But there are, happily, many examples of Catholics in elective public office who are a credit to their Church.

It should be noted that there is currently no Catholic on the United States Supreme Court. Just as there is, traditionally at least, one Catholic in the Cabinet, so there has usually been one Catholic on the Court. Since Frank Murphy's death that has not been true. The President is under no obligation to appoint a Catholic to any position, but in recognition of the fact that Catholics constitute about one-fifth of the total population, it has been deemed equitable and perhaps politically expedient to allocate a certain number of top appointive positions to members of the Roman Catholic Church. At the moment Secretary of Labor Durkin is the Catholic member of the Cabinet. In the cities and in state governments, the Catholics are in government positions pretty much in the same ratio as that of the Catholic population to the total population in the city or state.

CATHOLICS in office do not act *as* Catholics, in any sectarian sense, and they should not. That is to say: they should not be forever looking out for the temporal interests of the Church. They are not agents of the Church, nor are they representatives (or even necessarily representative) of their co-religionists. But they *should* conduct themselves as good Catholics, in or out of office. The best interests of the entire country determine what the position of the individual Catholic legislator or administrator should be.

There can be, and indeed are, instances where an individual Catholic lawmaker or administrator must in

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conscience vote or administer contrary to the expressed wishes of the Catholic hierarchy and large segments of the laity. This is due to the fact (too little known to non-Catholics) that one Catholic will not necessarily agree with any other Catholic on purely temporal matters, even though the other Catholic happens to be his Bishop. There is no "Catholic" position on tidelands oil, for instance, or on public power.

Of course, in areas of dogma where the Church, as differentiated from individual churchmen, has spoken, the Catholic is bound in conscience to act in accordance with the moral law, as expounded by the Church. But this obligation to follow conscience is no less binding upon non-Catholics, although they may elect, as long as they are outside the Church, to disagree on specific moral issues.

WHAT people call the "Catholic vote" cannot be "delivered" to any candidate or Party. Nor, for that matter, can the labor vote, the Jewish vote or the Lutheran vote. Catholics are by no means a politically monolithic group. To be accurate, one should really refer to Catholics who vote, as distinguished from the "Catholic vote," which is a non-existent commodity.

Despite occasional deviation (especially in recent years) by individuals, the hierarchy and lower clergy of the Church realize that political questions are rarely such as to justify electioneering on their part. It may well be that in future years it will be the normal thing for most Catholics to be Republicans, even as in former years they tended for tribal and economic reasons to vote Democratic. Certainly, it is no part of Catholic dogma that they should vote one way or the other, even though the Baltimore Catechism does spell out the responsibility of all Catholics to vote for the best man and always in the public interest.

The worthiness of politics as a Christian vocation should be hammered home to the young, many of whom will inevitably gravitate to politics as their careers. They should be prepared to recognize that since politics is a Christian vocation, they are bound to conduct themselves in a way not in conflict with Christian principles. Catholic colleges have not paid enough attention to political science or public administration as possible careers for their graduates. If we expect the graduates to participate intelligently in public affairs, perhaps the addition of sound courses in these areas is needed in the curricula of our Catholic colleges and universities.

But there is no need for pessimism on the subject of Catholics in American politics. Our office-holders perhaps need to be reminded that much is expected of them because they are Catholics, and that they will have to render an ultimate accounting. We all need to be reminded that party labels are of little significance in doing the right thing in politics. We need to be reminded that secularism is no better in the sight of God than Communism, and that we stand in much greater danger of embracing secularism. We need to be reminded that we have a positive duty to work for improvement of the temporal order largely through the existing political machinery.

Under no circumstances should a "ghetto" mentality develop among Catholics with regard to politics in America. The Catholic War Veterans are probably the epitome of this kind of attitude. If there are problems which warrant the attention and existence of a group of war veterans, why divide the veterans up among the various sects?

So also with politics. I don't believe there is room or even need for a Catholic political party in America. There is definitely a need for Catholics to participate knowledgeably and industriously in all aspects of the political scene, national, state and local, as voters, legislators, administrators and judges.

Trouble Comes To Memphis

WILLIAM H. SLAVICK

MEMPHIS Negroes, about forty-three per cent of the city's population, occupy approximately twenty per cent of Memphis residential property. Quoting these figures two years ago, Will Fowler, city engineer, said to the Memphis Real Estate Board:

"What we are going to do to give our Negro population more room to live in is more serious than any problem facing us. They have been forced to occupy the most undesirable spots in Memphis. That is a disgrace. Under the present scheme there is only one place for them to live—they move into places where white people have left—there is no new territory for them. Unless the people of Memphis take a broader view of this subject it will become increasingly more of a problem. I am not advocating mixed neighborhoods. I don't think the colored people want that any more than the white people do, but we must remember if we whites say Negroes can't live next door to us, then it is up to us to furnish them a decent place to live."

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Memphis officials and real estate operators have sought, generally speaking, to meet this problem. Public housing for Negroes is far more widespread than in other cities with large Negro populations. In an orderly manner real estate men and home owners have moved the bounds of Negro residential sections a block outward here and there, particularly in the southern part of the city where Negroes are in majority. There have been no serious conflicts, and city officials and police are prompt in response to even the slightest rumor of tension. No one has been led to believe that officials would permit a Cicero in Memphis.

On the other hand, the ratio of Negro population to property has not closed in the past few years. In fact, some Negro blocks have been transformed by landlords into white residences; other Negro dwellings have given way to industrial expansion. Perhaps the greatest pressures have come from a natural increase in Negro population (with "no new territory"), the temporary compression when large areas are "slummed" for housing projects (two such projects are under way this year), and the demand for better homes by Negroes who have acquired the means. If anything, the twenty per cent is a slipping percentage.

Mr. Fowler's statement in March, 1951, was the first public notice of real concern among city authorities. Their finger was on the pulse, for since then tension has increased observably, chiefly in South Memphis. There last year the A. B. Hill Civic Club, spurred by one detemined spirit, thwarted real estate men in one block by posting signs, "Not for Sale to Negroes," and by talking it over with prospective buyers. There were complaints, some justified, some not, that real estate men were acting unscrupulously in this matter—misrepresenting trends, entering a color wedge with a high-priced purchase, and selling to families who depreciated the property, then gave it up on a second mortgage.

In April of this year the scene of tension shifted slightly to the Riverside Civic Club area, bordering one of the bluffs where DeSoto presumably first sighted the Father of Waters. This area comprises some dozen blocks of white residences which are, but for the park, completely surrounded by Negoes. White residents claim that real estate operators here, too, circulated the rumor that the area was going colored. Several sold (one report has it they were moving anyway) and others made commitments to real estate agents.

The Riverside Civic Club, chiefly middle-aged lower middle-class home owners, became alarmed. One member of the club took it upon himself to visit vacant houses at the time when they were being shown to Negroes by real estate agents. Words passed between him and agents, and "calm" advice was given to prospective buyers. The club sent a delegation to call upon the city attorney, but he could only inform them that their restrictive covenants would not hold in court. They published in the daily papers a petition stating that their property was not for sale, hoping public opinion would deter the real estate men.

THE crucial meeting came when the first Negro family moved onto the east side of Arkansas Street. The west side was already Negro, and the house adjacent to the one bought had been owned by a Negro family for years. The house in contention was significant in that it was part of a subdivision otherwise all-white.

The Riverside meeting was in parliamentary order. The various efforts were reviewed and the list of petitioners read. The chairman ended the reports by admitting that he could see no hope for victory. He asked for any information about legal methods which might be used to constrain the real estate operators. Throughout he designated the enemy as the real estate group who worked in their club area, not the prospective Negro residents.

Finally, a visitor arose. He had been invited by a member to tell how they had handled the situation in the A. B. Hill neighborhood. It was the same man who had led in the posting of signs, etc., in that area. He proceeded to blast the real estate men and to tell of his exploits in insulting one of those operators who, "if he was a man, wouldn't have taken what I called him sitting down . . . but he is a coward." Gradually, as he talked, he became aware of his destined role. Swaying from side to side as he stood against the fireplace of the clubhouse and searched the faces about him, he challenged them to stick together; he urged them to confront the real estate operators with fists; to distrust the promises of city officials, and to "warn, not threaten," the innocent Negro customers beguiled by these agents.

Running low on fuel, eventually he turned to philosophizing: "Niggers are all right. I ain't got nothin' against 'em. But they just ain't as good as me. That's a fact. They don't smell like I do." At this he received a few snickers and was soon finished.

Mrs. Mattie Wilroy, Tennessee director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and herself sympathetic with segregation, called upon the assemblage to act peacefully, warning them that hate and violence would accomplish nothing. While she talked the self-styled orator leaned against the mantle and smiled. Before she had finished, he interjected himself once more. It was Faulkner's Miss Habersham, facing the masculine realities of the situation.

The meeting ended. The Riverside Club was apparently determined but already beaten. Nor were they one with the man of destiny; either they could not

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stomach his tactics, thought them futile, or lacked his courage.

That day the Negro family moved in without disturbance. They did say that before moving they had visited the house one Sunday and a group of white men had gathered in automobiles. However, a white neighbor called the police and within minutes two squad cars were on the scene, taking names and license numbers and warning against any further such gatherings.

Since April sporadic reports have appeared in the papers of efforts by white residents to enforce covenants, to expose real estate operators, etc. Meanwhile other houses had been sold and by the end of June seven houses in the neighborhood had been occupied by Negro families.

THEN, Sunday morning, June 28th, at one-thirty a.m., a bomb exploded on the front walk of 430 Olive, one of the seven homes. The windows were shattered and a hole a foot in diameter was dug three inches deep in the concrete walk.

No one was hurt, although only an open window saved two young boys from a shower of glass.

The explosion, believed dynamite, brought forth reports from the seven Negro residents that they had been visited in the night by white home owners in the neighborhood. One reported that when she told them she had already invested one thousand dollars in her home a white woman cried out from the crowd, "You'd rather lose that than your life, wouldn't you?" Mrs. Annie Eggleston, co-owner of the 430 Olive dwelling, reported that she had been called one night and threatened with bombing.

Police began a round-the-clock patrol of the area and assigned two detectives. City officials said "this sort of thing will not be tolerated." Commissioner Armour, a former police chief, said "We will not permit terrorism."

Meanwhile, residents of the Riverside community have charged real estate operators with misrepresentation before the West Tennessee commissioner of the Tennessee Real Estate Commission, C. D. Askew. Hc said that his investigation began May 27th.

The Memphis police can be expected to seriously investigate this bombing, maintain order, and minimize the possibility of repetition of Sunday's explosion, the first such attack on Negro property in Memphis since the riots of 1867.

But the problem remains, one of "present schemes" and no "broader views," for segregation is still an absolute in Memphis. And while Commissioner Armour may prevent future acts of violence, fear awoke with the city that Sunday morning. And it will probably have a long day.

THE STAGE

MARTHA GRAHAM'S THEATER

AN experience of Martha Graham—single, enigmatic, complex—is one of the central rewards offered by the modern theater. To expose the world of her mind and art is to throw light into a gallery of pain: to traverse halls hung with the sombre, square panels of anguish, trophies of the warring spirit in various postures of triumph and defeat. Medea is here, and Emily Dickinson; the "doom-eager" Brontes, Jocasta and Saint Joan. In the room beyond wait those faceless, naked creatures, perhaps most terrible of all: the anonymous scapegoat of "Herodiade," the gibbering victim of "Errand into the Maze."

Here intensity is all, not pleasure. "One does not domesticate a prophetess," noted Miss Agnes de Mille in her gallant memoir of Martha Graham. Nor does one contract to the familiar circle of the comfortable world the exalted austerities of this incandescent figure—a personality singular and formidable in its solitude. How radically it veers from our lax contemporary image of "personality:" nothing seductive, everything blandishing and provocative eroded. When Graham dances, her eyes focus neither on space nor on her audience; their gaze, rather, turns inward, witness to some unimaginable personal colloquy. Locked in the cage of its essence, the soul sits in chased composure. Will alone—a terrible concentration—sustains the tension of life. Ceremonially, this dancer takes her place in the American grain—that narrow knotted vein of brilliant pessimism—with Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Dickinson and all who feed on the heart's dark issue.

Chaplin and Graham the two foremost American dramatists? The statement, heard increasingly, has the easy shock of half-truth, but beneath its vulnerability rings with conviction. One passes an eye uneasily along the drama shelf, noting with pleasure O'Neill, Wilder, George Kelly, Odets, Barry, Behrman, Miss Hellman, here the isolated excellence, there the single distinction. But for the rest, what wastes of desuetude: small moralities, extinguished topicalities, exhausted trivialities! Who would lament *their* burning? Yet the shape of our culture would be different, and poorer, but for "Letter to the World;" the loss of "Deaths and Entrances," "Appalachian Spring," "Errand into the Maze" would impoverish us bitterly.

In her triumphant season at the Alvin, Miss Graham opened only several rooms of her matchless gallery. Her new piece, "Voyage," is inconstant and disappointing; lacking point of view, its impulse is erratic, its achievements fugitive. For illustration of Graham's excellence in dramatic composition, one must turn rather to some-

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thing of the calibre of the incomparable "Letter to the World." It would be difficult to conceive of a more successful American drama of the "inner life" than this fantasia on the moral and physical worlds of Emily Dickinson. Its use of language (in just, sparing proportion), its general eloquence and audacity, the thematic integrity of its emotional line—these coalesce in a structure which carries with grace and power much of the weight of American culture. Even out of subjects dense and remote, less richly lyrical, Graham carves the dramatic core boldly. Few Greek tragedies have the concision and symbolic force of "Night Journey;" no contemporary restatement of myth grasps with such particularity the essence of prerational experience as "Errand into the Maze."

"No artist is pleased," Graham once told Miss DeMille, "no satisfaction whatever at any time . . . only a queer divine dissatisfaction, a blessed unrest. . . ." The language of obsession possibly, uncomfortable and terrifying, and there is evidence that the pendulum of favor has lately swung somewhat from this personality: one cannot live always in the neighborhood of grandeur. In the formal limitations, the patterned exhilarations and concealing graces of ballet, we now take solace and refreshment. Yet it is right that we should honor, as New York honored this spring, these artists who never promised solace or refreshment, these who have taken so many Everests of the spirit and dwell, in austerity and splendor, on their heady, unapproachable heights.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

IN THE COOL, COOL, COOL OF THE MOVIE

WE may go to the movies in the summer to escape the heat; but since most theaters are air-conditioned, I'm not quite sure why summer films need be so light-weight. None of the new films this week is a complete dud, but you'd hardly call any of them weighty.

As a commentary on marriage in our time, "Dream Wife" has some amusing things to say. But Sidney Sheldon has directed this screenplay so that most of the fun depends on what's said rather than on what you see. Cary Grant, as a wise-cracking bachelor in the Clifton Webb manner, makes his points well. Deborah Kerr (although she is much too pretty and smartly gowned in her role of a terribly efficient member of the U. S. State Department who thinks oil and the Middle-East crisis are more important than her marriage) plays her part with a nice flare for comedy. And Betta St. John, who won audiences as the young native girl in "South Pacific," is charming as a Bukistan princess who was schooled in the art of making a man completely happy.

Producer Dore Schary has decorated his film handsomely; and the supporting cast, which includes Walter Pidgeon and Eduard Franz, is excellent. When "Dream Wife" does swing into action, it gets a little silly, but as a movie to keep you amused it serves its purpose.

EVIDENTLY the movie makers think marriage is a suitable subject for non-thinking audiences who want to relax. "Affair with a Stranger," which might well have been called "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" or just "Trials and Tribulations," shows what poor Jean Simmons goes through in her mariage to Victor Mature. Almost the whole of the story is told by various friends and acquaintances in a series of flashbacks that cover the meeting, courtship and hectic marriage and finally come up to the present when a gossip columnist reports the gathering of divorce clouds. In the strangest miscasting of the year, Mature plays a struggling, then successful, playwright who is described as a handsome, charming tramp. Except for the flashback device which is well handled, Director Roy Rowland uses little imagination in turning this script into a movie. It is straight soap opera, and unless you like to look at Jean Simmons you'd do better to stay at home and turn on the radio—if your living room is air-conditioned.

THE very title of "The Sea Around Us" sounds cool and while this hour-long documentary isn't too closely related to the Rachel Carson book on which it is based, it is a film well worth seeing, especially for its highlights. Producer Irwin Allen, who also wrote the commentary, collected film footage from a wide list of museums, universities and other sources and put together a fascinating potpourri on life in, on, and around the sea.

Not all the sequences are consistantly interesting and a few have the over-enthusiastic quality of travel ads, but some are wonderful and awe-inspiring—like the remarkable shots of microscopic life, the gory fight betwen a shark and octopus and the views of certain occupations connected with the sea, such as whaling and shark walking.

FOR those who want to continue their travels and still sit in a cool theater, there's "White Witch Doctor" which takes us up the Congo with Susan Hayward and Robert Mitchum. The trip isn't exactly easy. Miss Hayward is a widow and a nurse, but not until

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later do we find out the psychological drive that sends her into this dangerous country. Mitchum's reasons are much more obvious: there's gold in them there back countries and by traveling as Susan's guide he can get places where the natives would never let him go alone.

Some of this business is interesting enough and it is well played by a cast that also includes Walter Slezak, as Mitchum's perfidious partner, and many natives, in various stages of fancy dress and undress. But Henry Hathaway has directed it in a rather languid fashion. Furthermore, although the Technicolor is effective, many of the scenes have fake backgrounds that detract from the film's reality. Even the exciting moments never seem quite real. You'd do better to see the real thing in Armand Denis' travel film, "Below the Sahara."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"CATHOLIC SEPARATISM"

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editors: There is danger that the set of Catholic "parallel institutions" that Mr. John J. Kane anxiously laments in his article on Catholic separatism [June 26] may become regarded as only slightly necessary luxuries by some analysts of the Church's American structure. Despite the financial and sociological difficulties that Mr. Kane cites to forecast a dismal future, the network of Catholic schools and institutions gives tremendous leverage to our apostolic endeavors in this country. The Catholic populations of England and France are paying an exorbitant price in money and parliamentary agitation to win back an adequate physical complement for their spiritual mission.

Surrounding the problem of Catholic withdrawal with such terms as the "wall of separatism" phrase that Mr. Kane uses is unfortunate. It smacks of the glibness of those who defend a certain chimerical "wall of separation" currently supposed to be part of our constitutional heritage.

The article's judgment of the effect of the Irish upon American Catholicism is a discerning insight into our history, but it suffers from omission of the note that Catholicism in Irish form was probably much more adaptable to the American scene than any other European type. The strong, unadorned simplicity of the Irish religious outlook produced by Jansenist tendencies and long persecution preserved the Irish from the welter of baroque affectation that bristled in the nineteenth century cultures of other European Catholic nations. The providential lack of a language barrier offset the tightly held nationalism that was always more imaginative than destructive with the Irish. The volatile nature of the people and the protracted length of the immigration enabled them to participate in the sustenance of the Church through many decades of turbulant change, where a more cohesive people might have become distracted and begun a trek like the Boers of the Transvaal.

The suggestion of Mr. Kane that "the indicated stratagem is a sally" presumes that there is something out of which to sally forth. American Catholic institutions are more than financial and administrative headaches and more than temptations of self-sufficiency. If they indirectly foster separatism, this is the price we pay for affirming our identity imperfectly. Our schools, hospitals and hospices are the hard-won supplements of our identity and we must maintain them in prudence and service of the Word.

DENNIS CLARK.

Wallace, Idaho

TO the Editors: The very interesting article on "Catholic Separatism" by Mr. John J. Kane [June 26] certainly calls for further clarification.

Here in this small western town we are presently raising several thousand dollars in order to keep our fifty-year-old Catholic school from closing its doors. Furthermore, there is every indication that local sentiment will come to favor a new and better-equipped school for the parish.

Therefore the somewhat gloomy tones of Mr. Kane's paragraphs sound a discouraging note, to say the least. Cost what it may in prayer, human energy and money, conditions in this country are such that, along with the author's "stratagem" of "sally," Catholics must continue to maintain and to increase the channels of their unique contribution not only to their own religious and cultural life, but to that of the country as a whole. This means more Catholic schools at all levels, not less.

It would be interesting to have some statistics for the entire United States concerning the proportion of non-Catholics who willingly avail themselves of educational opportunities under Catholic auspices.

While Mr. Kane's analysis is both accurate and wise, it does not follow that the ghetto conditions of an earlier period will be perpetuated by the vigorous maintenance of distinctly American Catholic institutions, especially schools. If, as has been pointed out, we were long an alien and persecuted minority in this country, then I think the burden of proof for real tolerance and understanding lies to the greater extent with the non-Catholic majority. The non-Catholic majority, especially those of goodwill, ought to be encouraged increasingly to learn the 'why' and the 'wherefore' of our institutions. Such a program is far

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more desirable and more self-respecting for us than that we, acting from ephemeral motives of inferiority or desire for slavish adaptability, should sacrifice our institutions in what Mr. Kane has admitted to be an increasingly 'secularist' world.

HENRY D. ELLIS.

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Reading Professor John J. Kane's clear and helpful analysis, I was struck by the close connection between the undesirable effects of separatism and the attitudes of "The Reactionary Catholic" which Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn had masterfully catalogued for us only a week earlier. It was as though he had unwittingly counted out for us the costs, in introversion and puritanism, of preserving the faith by separatism.

No one would deny that the faith *has* been preserved, or that there were strong historical justifications for the means taken to preserve it. What needs our strongest assent now, I think, is Professor Kane's contention that what worked against a rival religion in a given historical context, will *not* work against secularism in greatly altered circumstances.

What is implied, then, is actually a complete reversal of the direction of Catholic life and influences in the United States. This, it seems to me, would constitute nothing less than the greatest revolution in the history of American Catholicism. We are fortunate that *positive* forces in the Church—Catholic Action, the liturgical movement, the training of lay leadership—are already coping with this possibility that, in such a revolution, the reactionary Catholic and the whole miasma of puritanism—never really our allies—may then become our declared enemies.

The training of lay leadership is important to me, as a teacher of Catholic college students. Imagine, then, the amused irritation with which, only last year, I heard the following from a Chicago pulpit: "There's only one thing wrong with our young people nowadays," said the pastor. "They're over-educated. You send them to college—and what happens? They come back and criticize the pastor!"

HUGH DICKINSON.

BOOKS

An Analysis of the American Political Temper

THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN POLITICS. **By Daniel J. Boorstin. University of Chicago. $3.25.**

By JOHN W. LUKACS

PROFESSOR Boorstin has written an intelligent essay from which the conservative virtues of proportion and proper perspective clearly emerge. A hot and stimulating year in Rome, where Professor Boorstin held a Fulbright appointment, helped to supply the perspective. It forms the main theme of the book. It is, in essence, a historical contemplation of the peculiar political temper of Americans.

There has recently arisen a logical, if belated, intellectual movement to rediscover and represent those great contributions which conservative thinkers had given to this country. This movement was manifest, for example, in a number of excellent writings on Burke and Calhoun. Professor Boorstin, too, is a cogent admirer of these men and of their traditions. Justly, and with much reason, he criticizes that school of American historiography which wished to see in the War of Independence a juicy fruit of rationalism and of the Enlightenment, an ideological revolution of supreme importance, tempered with some Anglo-Saxon virtues. Carl Becker, Nevins and Commager have all maintained, in some degree, this proposition.

Boorstin (his intellectual companions are, among others, Russell Kirk and Ross Hoffman) claims that it is not the radical but the conservative heritage of America that has been its unique and often invisible mainstay through three centuries. The moderating, beneficial influence of this heritage continued to prevail even through the national tragedy of civil war.

When it comes to the present, Boorstin is not content with the mere presentation of a new historical perspective. His insistence on the uniqueness of American political experience leads him to the conclusion that it would be a very great mistake to admonish, let alone to coerce, other nations to emulate American democracy. It is a wise conclusion.

Professor Boorstin holds ideologues in contempt, and rightly so. At times, however, it is not quite clear whether his censure of them grew from the same conservative roots as those of Acton who once said something to the effect that great men admire principles but despise ideologies. At times Professor Boorstin's cogent rejection of ideologies seems to be a pragmatic rejection. He advances the point that the absence of clear-cut political philosophies and the American dislike of "wild-eyed theorists" turned out to be an immeasurable asset to the fortunes of this Republic. There is certainly much sense in all this. Yet two questions arise.

In the first place, Boorstin's observations are not unique in their conclusions. Madariaga, in his inimitable *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards,* had, with much charm and wit, presented some very profound truths regarding Anglo-Saxon common sense, the virtues of the British man of action, and the tremendous advantages which their traditional disregard for political theorizing has brought to the English. There were also some Continental scholars (foremost among them, I think, the German, Kantorowicz) who had devoted themselves to the same theme with more thorough methods and less wit. Beneath the airy and brilliant ob-

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servations of Madariaga there lurked, however, some deep concern about the consistency and endurance of such Anglo-Saxon characteristics. And the record of the last two decades justifies this concern.

Very responsible British conservatives—Avery, Crankshaw, Nicolson—reason accordingly today. They perceive that the traditional British dislike of political thought has degenerated, through pragmatism, to points where intellectual honesty becomes very much impaired. All this has had profound and catastrophic effects in Britain's external relations, ultimately contributing to the present great crisis of the West. There is no reason to doubt that essentially the same development occurs today in the American Republic; that the mere *practice* of disdaining theories, emotions, ideologies is not enough; that the American tradition of disregarding political philosophies (a tradition which grew out of admirable principles of the past) might still possess considerable virtues but may also harbor some dangers whose existence Professor Boorstin does not seem to realize.

The second question ties in with this. The author, an erstwhile Rhodes scholar, clearly implies that this national practice of restraint, the genius of American politics, owes very much of its existence to that British restraint and reverence for law which formed the basis of the entire American political tradition.

Whether these Anglo-Saxon virtues are adequate to cope with the problems of a world of emotional mass movements is one question; the other is whether or not the Anglo-Saxon element in American life and national culture is fading. For there is, alas, much evidence that it is; that other, notably Germanic, strains are proving more vital, more enduring, more attractive to the American masses, to American culture and, ultimately, to American political life. These questions should be posed lest Professor Boorstin's cautious optimism mislead his readers into some kind of complacency.

But while his optimism seems to call for some critique, Professor Boorstin's presentation of his historical perspective is, alone, a courageous act. Thereby he joins the small but honorable group of principled, liberty-loving American thinkers who aim to restore American conservative cornerstones and whose traditional form of expression has been the profound and sometimes brilliant essay. This is one.

Symbolic Height

THE MOUNTAIN. By Henri Troyat. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

By DORIS GRUMBACH

THERE is no better way of putting it: *The Mountain* is a first-rate piece of writing. The style is simple, mobile, expressive; the plot is economical, almost underfed with detail; and the characters are so fully realized (despite the verbal stinginess) that the reader climbs an Alpine mountain hand over hand

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behind them in almost painful physical proximity, and accompanies them on their more arduous spiritual journeys with never a backward glance at the formal mechanics that brought them to this state of high vitality. In short space (the comparison to Hemingway's *Old Man* is unavoidable and just) Henri Troyat has accomplished what few modern writers ever manage: a novelette of few words, many ponderables.

To machine-bred modern man, mountain-climbing has become meaningful and symbolic. Having mastered the complexities of flight and atomic destruction he seems now to reaspire to the struggle against natural obstacles represented only by his hands, his wit, his straining breath and heart. The Annapurnas and Everests and Nandi Devis stand as peaks of mastered nature conquered by proud striplings who have rediscovered the unmanufactured might of the human will. There is much of this symbol and modern myth in *The Mountain,* but fortunately it never obtrudes above purely fictional values. This avoidance of stated moral strengthens the simple, powerful tale.

A plane for Calcutta crashes on a Swiss Alp. Its passengers are all presumed dead, but it is carrying as well a cargo of gold for England. Two brothers, stirred by equally powerful drives of spiritual reassurance and monetary gain, climb the mountain to find the plane. In a wonderful descriptive chapter the superhuman climb is minutely detailed, and in a moving final section the ancient moral conflict is inevitably determined.

The consummation might have been expected to have more than its share of triteness had Troyat not made his hero a man of damaged wit, a simple, muddled peasant who feels deeply but without understanding, whose fervent loyalties are without logic or perception. Unlike John Steinbeck, however, whose Johnny Bear and Lennie and Tularicto were similarly deficient, Troyat has created a heroic rather than a mere freakish simpleness; his hero's essential goodness pervades the novel. Both the writer and his hero seem happily to share an instinctive and embracing sense of the victories possible for the human spirit.

Church and World

THE CHURCH TODAY: The Collected Writings of Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard. Fides. $4.75.

By JACOB WEISS

THIS book is not just a collection of unrelated writings. With the exception of Cardinal Suhard's spiritual diary, it is a unified, coherent presentation of the Cardinal's chief concern—the Church and the salvation of our world.

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The appeals of Suhard are based in the nature of things and the nature of God. He writes of God's providence, the parish community, the Church and private property, the Christian family, the meaning of God, priests among men; but the heart of his writing is "Growth or Decline?," in which the nature and activity of the Church are lucidly explained. The other writings in this volume are a preparation for or a consequence of this central work.

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sions of the world and adequate to the designs of God." This synthesis, as he stated, would demand the work of many in every field of human activity.

These concepts of "incarnation" and "transcendence" are basic throughout Suhard's work: "The Church is the permanent incarnation of the Son of God. Wherefore, her two-fold nature: The one spiritual, transcendent, divine, deriving ultimately from its most intimate principle of life, the Holy Spirit. The other visible, evolving, adaptable, and dependent on concrete circumstances and human wills."

The Church cannot remain aloof: "Eternal and Transcendent, she refuses to compromise or give way; incarnate in history, she puts on its changes in order to act upon it from within." The Christian must wholeheartedly enter into the temporal because of this double nature of the Church.

Of the many remarkable things in *The Church Today,* mention must be made of Suhard's consuming interest in the working classes. This interest was equaled only by his interest in the intellectuals. Both groups were necessary in the rebuilding of the world.

The Church Today has the profundity and simplicity of the liturgy. It is uncluttered. And in only a very few non-essentials is it apparent that Suhard is a Frenchman; in even fewer instances are the problems he deals with peculiarly French. Even then, the solutions he offers are catholic. His prognosis is of and for a world.

Potpourri

THE SCRIBNER TREASURY. Edited by J. G. E. Hopkins. Scribners. $5.

By JOHN COURNOS

THIS compilation of "22 classic tales" is a sort of literary crazy quilt having no real unity, no corresponding relation to the word "classic." Broadly, the word connotes an abiding form and a no less abiding readability. Not a half dozen of the stories in this book answer

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to this definition. The fact that they had an unusual popularity at the time of their first publication is hardly enough, and one may well question the editor's assertion that "the demand for them thereafter has never ceased."

The reader of today may, indeed, use this volume to indulge in a game. Beginning with the first story, "Madame Delphine," by George W. Cable, published in 1881, and ending with "Farewell Miss Julie Logan," by Sir James Barrie, published in 1931, the whole covering a period of fifty years, he may subject the twenty-two stories to the reading test and find considerable entertainment in grading their worth and interest.

If the hypothetical reader be of the same mind as this writer he will find George W. Cable's story sadly dated (its least fault!) and unbearably romantic. He will enjoy Edith Wharton's "Madame de Treymes," a story of French family solidarity, very Jamesian, and none the worse for it. He will enjoy even John Galsworthy's "The Apple Tree," a tender love story, somewhat in the mood of Turgenev, and the better for it. He will like hugely Richard Harding Davis's "The Consul," a superb story of personal integrity. He will think well of Carl Ewald's "My Little Boy," a charming study of the relations of parent and child.

If a lover of sea stories, he will have pleasure in James Brendan Connolly's "The Trawler." If a lover of humor, he will chuckle over Ring Lardner's "The Golden Honeymoon" and "Haircut." I imagine he will rather balk at Sir James Barrie's "Farewell Miss Julie Logan." And he may find some degree of satisfaction in some of the other stories, but to say that they are "classics" would be no small exaggeration.

Priest in the Pacific

THE STORY OF THE ROMANCE. By William E. Rively, S. J. Rinehart. $3.50.

By FRANK GETLEIN

THE story of the *Romance* is the story of Father Rively's successful attempt to improve on the outrigger canoe with which he covered his parish of five thousand people scattered over some hundred thousand square miles of the South Pacific. The chief value of the book, I suppose, is that it reminds us that the Gospel is being preached in the far corners and under fantastic difficulties. Someone once characterized the Jesuits as an organization of traveling salesmen. There is much in Father Rively's narrative to bear out that insight—the bottomless determination to make the sale, the complete devotion to the salesman's manual, the refusal to take no for an answer.

The material of the story is fascinating. Father Rively is operating on one of the last frontiers of primary mission country, the Caroline

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and Marshall Islands. After a particularly harrowing canoe voyage through the open sea, he was hospitalized and returned to the States to recover. In Sausalito, across the bay from 'Frisco, he found precisely the ship he needed for his work, the forty-five foot brigantine with diesel auxiliary, *Romance*. By the grace of God, as he says, he found the money to buy her. He fitted her out, signed on a crew and set out for Truk, half way around the world. He lost his crew at Honolulu, recruited another and made it. The sheer grit of the man, in the face of wind and wave and his own vast inexperience, is what comes through more than anything else.

Father Rively is one of those infuriating writers with a wonderful story and a mental block against telling it. It takes deliberate reflection to gather from the book the really significant voyage it contains. There is a large streak of Dr. Pangloss in Father Rively. No occasion is too trivial to be the fount of a little moral lesson, usually in worldly wisdom and frequently rather absurd in context. He can sign on a crew in San Francisco, for instance, paying next to nothing, and congratulate himself on not having taken college boys as paying workers; then, after the hardened hands desert, he is perfectly capable of hiring a crew of college boys in Honolulu and congratulating himself on providing them with a rich experience.

His prose style is basically the mechanized Aristotelian rhetoric of the Jesuit school, modified by early Readers' Digest: restaurants are justly famous, the captain (the one from San Francisco) is one of the most unforgettable characters Father Rively ever met. He can even gloss over an intriguing contretemps with "for reasons I care not to mention in this narrative." Brick by brick, he erects an impenetrable wall between the reader and the event. The entire subject of native ways in the South Pacific is overleaped by a syllogism justifying the Jesuit Missions.

For all that, he brought that ship to port, and, with whatever commentary, the Gospel is being preached.

Away From Things

MAN AND MATTER: Essays Scientific and Christian. By Sherwood Taylor. McMullen. $3.50.

By WILLIS D. NUTTING

I HAVE always hoped that a scholastic philosopher, a natural scientist, and an intelligent but untrained "man in the street" would someday sit down together before a tree and would set down in writing all that they thought that the tree was. And that then they would quietly discuss their own and each others' predications concerning the tree until each was satisfied that he understood and *honored* all the statements which had been made, and that he could see the relation between all the uses of the word *is* that occurred in the statements. From this seminar we might get an exposition of the categories of being which would be accepted by our modern world and would allow the philosopher, the scientist and the ordinary man to understand each other. I would nominate Sherwood Taylor as the scientist in that trio.

Man and Matter is a collection of essays, written by Mr. Taylor since his reception into the Church, dealing with several philosophical and moral problems raised by science. Its main theme is the inadequacy of science (valuable as far as it goes) in giving a full account of things. This has of course been said before, but to have it said by a scientist, in the language of a scientist, is of great help.

To many, the most bewildering thing about modern theoretical science is its spiraling flight away from things. The seventeenth century scientist claimed to study things as he observed them, in contrast to the scholastic, who simply followed Aristotle. But by the nineteenth century the observed world had been left behind as crudely unreal, and the scientist's world "consisted of ultimate particles, of which nothing could be predicted except extension, mass, position and motion, and electrical and magnetic properties, a world cold, colorless,

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dead, into which man peers through the window of his senses, regarding his own sensory perceptions as rather discreditable and superstitious survivals which could not be explained in mechanical terms." Even then there was still enough connection with things to enable the scientist to maintain that the man in the street's conception of these things was wrong. In the twentieth century, however, the positivistic scientist can say that he is talking one language and the man in the street another, and that it is meaningless to assert that both these languages are "about" the same "things."

Another criticism of science (this time of experimental rather than theoretical science) has been that experimentation distorts. Bacon said that Nature yields her secrets more readily to rough treatment; and subsequent experimenters have certainly treated her roughly, with the result that they have been more concerned with what things can be made to be and do rather than with what they are and do as God made them. Scientific knowledge has been built up out of a world torn apart, dissected, bombarded; and this knowledge is quite different from what would have been built up from a world contemplated.

The great value of Mr. Taylor's book it that he, as a scientist, is willing to see science as an intellectual system that is definitely limited *precisely because* it has been constructed by abstraction from things, and by the ignoring of unique events, and by violence in the laboratory. He knows that a complete knowledge of things as they *are* will take much more than science, and this supra-scientific knowledge is just as respectable as is science. For this reviewer, his chapter "On the Excellence of Things" constitutes one of the very best expositions to be found of the Christian's attitude toward the world that God has made.

"Granted that the natural philosopher must be not only scientist but artist, yet even art is no more than a representation of a character in things. The things themselves are pure and uncontaminated by the action of any human mind, and waiting for our contemplation, and unless we see for ourselves we shall not see much. And there is where we fail. We do not accept Christ's counsel to consider the lilies of the field. We analyse the lilies of the field, we look at pictures of the lilies of the field, but we do not make ourselves into a valley to receive them. We are masculine to the world, cutting, piercing, penetrating. We need likewise to be feminine to receive it. . . ."

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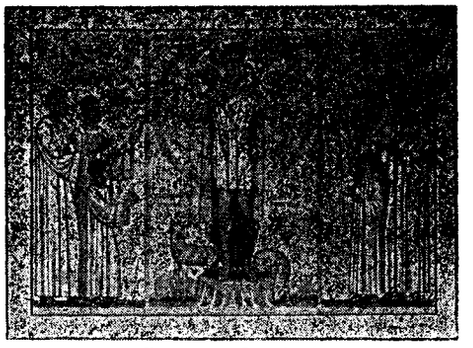

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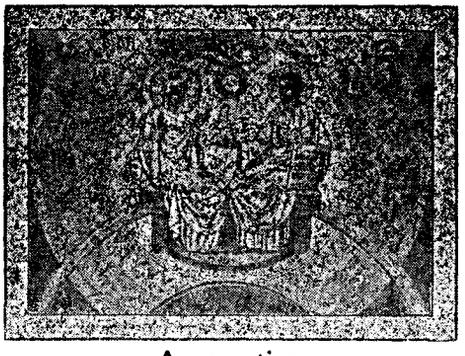

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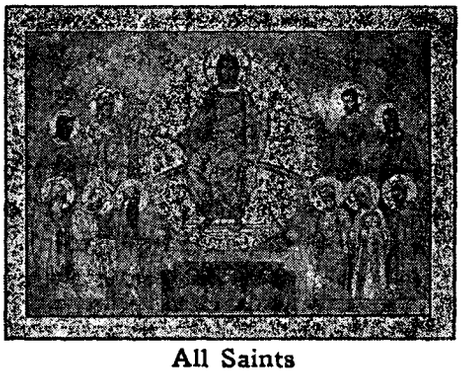

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